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THE FIRST SMILE BOOK
OR
HOW IT ALL BEGAN
BY
JEAN LOOSE ALLEN

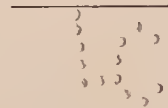


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Illustrations by
ADELAIDE ELLITHORPE



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TO THE
“Two Little Smiles”
Who Inspired It
FRANK AND ROBERT ALLEN
This Book is Lovingly
Dedicated

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THE FIRST SMILE BOOK

OR

HOW IT ALL BEGAN



By JEAN LOOSE ALLEN



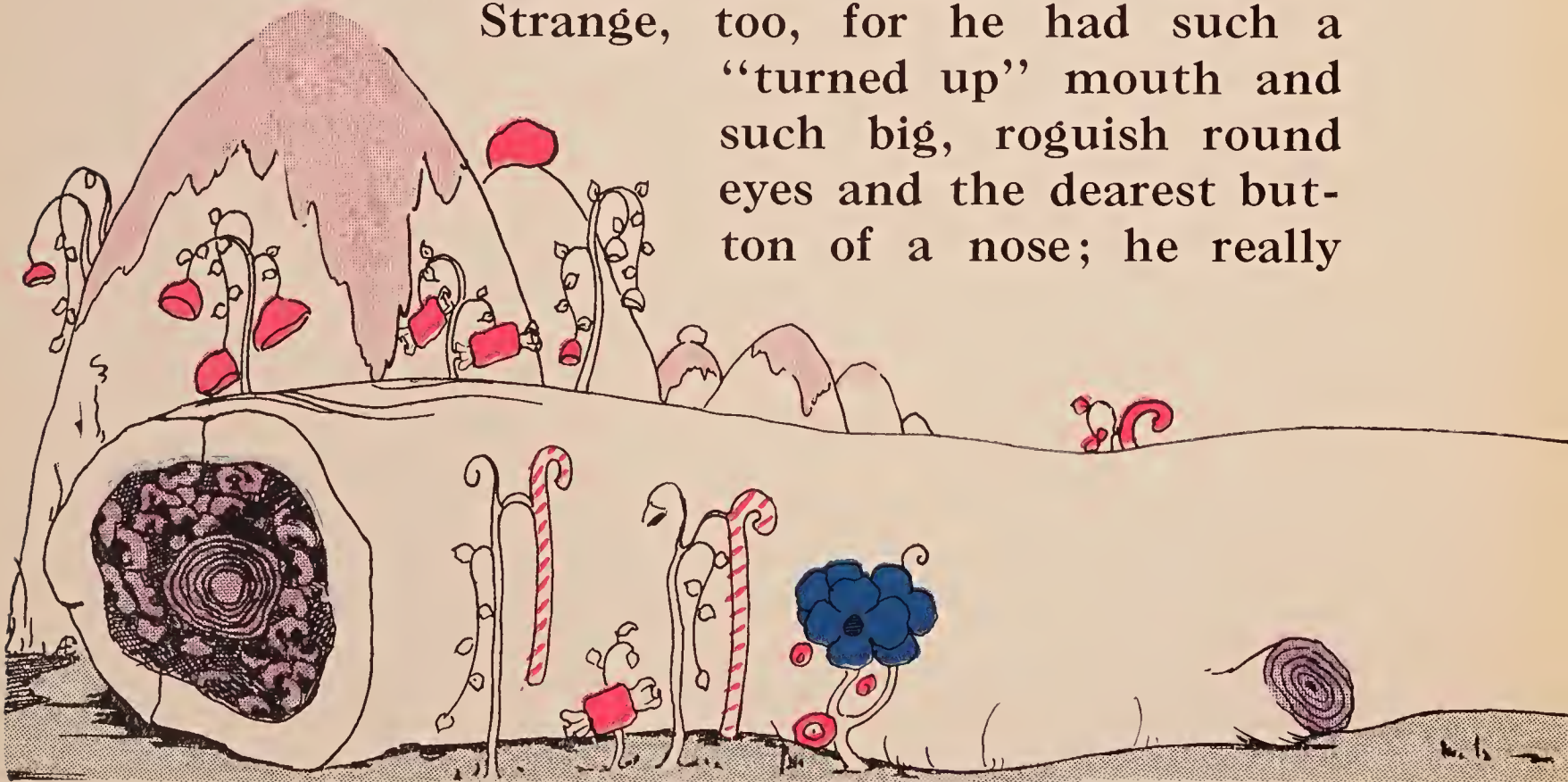
IT was snowing on Sunshine Mountain and, oh, how happy the children were! Snow is pretty nice any place but on Sunshine Mountain it is a great deal nicer, because the big drifts and banks all neatly piled (so they wouldn't obstruct the paths) were really, truly Ice Cream—mostly vanilla, of course; that was the regular kind, but near certain bushes and shrubs it was daintily flavored by the fruits and flowers growing there.

The lovely little sparkling lakes were all full to the brim of the most delicious drinkable things. One was a fine golden yellow and tasted just like

Orange Juice and the little purple lake with the crinkly white waves all over the top just simply had to be Grape Juice.

It was that way all over Sunshine Mountain; everything was just right for children; no one ever scolded them nor said, "Don't." Of course, there wasn't any need to for they were always happy, and being happy kept them always good.

There was one little fellow tho, who didn't seem quite as happy as the rest. Strange, too, for he had such a "turned up" mouth and such big, roguish round eyes and the dearest button of a nose; he really



SWINGING THEIR HEELS AND

should have been the very jolliest of all the frolicking children. But ever since the Year One and One-half when good King Nobleheart brot his people up to the top of Sunshine Mountain to live forever, everyone in the kingdom had been happy and asked no questions as to the whys and wherefores. And now here only a dozen or so centuries later, while Nobleheart's second cousin's aunt's niece, little Queen Everglad was on the throne, this queer child had been born, who was different. In the first place it was his hair; it didn't grow like any one's else hair



but hung in a queer question mark sort of a lock right down on his forehead—and his hair wasn't the only queer part of him—his mind seemed to grow in a question mark, too, for always he was trying to know why. His name was Ikan and he and his fat little sister, Ido, were twins. Just now they sat side by side on a fruit cake log, swinging their heels and kicking the icing off.

“Ikan,” began Ido suddenly, “why don't you forget all those silly questions you ask Uncle Knottall and all the dreadful things he told you? You are just almost, pretty near, getting nearly to be unhappy and you know what a wicked crime that



SCOWL

is—why, you'd disgrace mother and me for life! Do say you'll stop it."

"I can't, I do; indeed I can't," said the little boy. "Why, think of it—down there on earth those people are making children so unhappy they just have to be naughty, and, of course that makes everyone miserable!"

"I know it, brother, but what can you do? Old Grumpy Grouch and her family have been doing it for years and now since her children, Scowl and Frown, are quite grown up, of course they can make twice as many ugly toys and put in ten times as many bad thots."

"But, I do, don't you think we could do something? Uncle Knottall said someday someone would find



FROWN

a way to go around after them and undo at least a part of their mischief, even if they never could be run quite off the earth."

"Yes, but 'someday' is a long way off, Ikan, and we can't do anything. Let's go play."

"No," answered the boy, gravely, "I'm going to ask the Queen to let me go down to earth and try to find a way."

"No, no, no!" cried Ido; "you would die down there in the shadows and besides you'd never get

down Sunshine Mountain; no one can. There are too many pits at the bottom that Grumpy has dug."

"Perhaps I can't do anything but even if I fail I'm going to try," he answered. "At any rate I shall ask the Queen."



RUNNING DOWN THE ROAD AND

“Please, please, please don’t!” begged Ido running down the road after him and tugging at his suspenders, but it didn’t do a bit of good, for before you could say, “TICKLEMI EARWITH-ALITTLEGRAYGOOSEFEATHER,” they were standing in front of Mirror Palace and there was happy little Queen Everglad sitting on a branch of her favorite Lollipop tree, picking Lollipops for tea.

“Why, howdedo, children,” she called gayly; “come on in and have a Lollipop with me!”

“Thank you, Your Majesty,” said Ikan and they both bowed very politely and most gracefully. “But we don’t care for any Lollipops just now; we want to speak very seriously with you.”

“Seriously!” cried the Queen



excitedly; “seriously! Then don’t speak at all until I get down from here and put on my crown. Chapter 36, Page 9002, in the 1100th volume of ‘Rules for Kings and Queens’ says: ‘Never under any circumstances is it proper to speak seriously to a King or Queen up a tree and particularly if they haven’t on their crown.’” And down clambered the plump little Queen and searched all about until she found her pretty gold crown just

where she’d left it under the Lilac bush. After she had carefully dusted it off with the end of her long court train and settled it firmly on her head she seemed happier and sat down right royally on a big green cabbage.

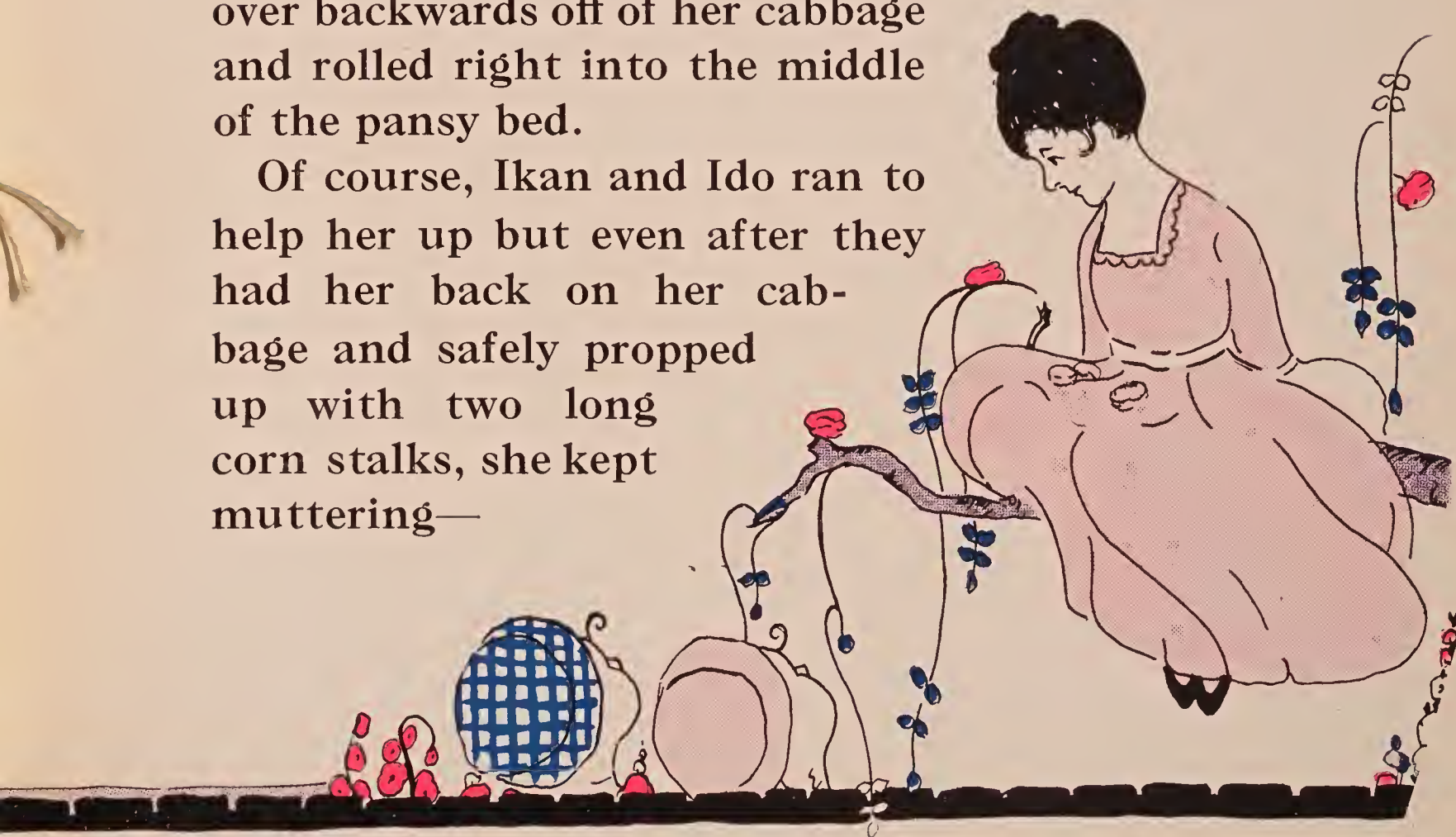
“All right now, children; be just as serious as you like; I’m all ready.”



“Well, Your Royal Pleasantness,” began Ikan, “we want very much to go down on earth.” Ido nodded slowly, for altho she didn’t in the least want to go down on earth, she did want to stay close beside this brave brother of hers and she knew if he was determined to go she’d have to follow, but the Queen didn’t take it that way.

“Down on earth!” she shrieked and fell right over backwards off of her cabbage and rolled right into the middle of the pansy bed.

Of course, Ikan and Ido ran to help her up but even after they had her back on her cabbage and safely propped up with two long corn stalks, she kept muttering—



“They want to leave the land of joy,
This silly girl and questing boy;
Want to go where shadows grim
Make the lovely sunbeams dim.”

After she seemed a little reconciled, Ikan began all over:

“Yes, Your Supreme Benevolence; Uncle Knoitall has told us how down on earth, old Dame Grumpy Grouch, and her two big black sons, Scowl and Frown, are trying to cause all the mischief they can. Why, Your Majesty, it will be impossible for you to believe it, but they are making disagreeable and ugly toys and filling them with bad thots and carrying them to all the children of the earth and we want to go down and help the poor children escape. So please, Your Most Smiling Radiance, will you permit us to try to go down the mountain? Look out! Ido, there she goes again!”



And sure enough there went the Queen again, and frontways this time; right into the Marsh-mallow bushes, bumpity! plunk! It was all the children could do to get her out of this sticky embrace, for she seemed too dazed to more than softly whisper:—

“Who’d ever think that a little child
Would dare to go creeping where nobody smiled!
I’ll let them go but they’ll never get there,
For Grumpy’s dug ditches everywhere.”

Suddenly she seemed to remember who she was and sat up very straight and spoke as a Queen with her crown on should speak. Perhaps the reason her voice sounded a little wobbly was because her crown was on so dreadfully crooked, due, of course, to her tumbling about off the cabbage.

“Well,” she said, “if I should permit you to go and you should



succeed in getting over the pits, then what would you do? How could you make every one happy? Do you know the recipe?"

"No, Your Extreme Loveliness," sadly answered Ikan. "We don't know it but we thot perhaps you would tell us."

"I!" shrieked the Queen (yes she did, queen or no queen. To tell you the truth, she YELLED) "I! Why I never even saw anyone who was unhappy; how should I know what to do? We'll make Uncle Knoitall tell us; he started all this trouble anyway."

So poor old Uncle Knoitall had to come to the Palace and be quizzed and questioned for hours, but it didn't do one bit of good for all he'd say was:—

"Told ye all I knowed in the fust place. I know a lot but o' course the wisest person in the



kingdom knows a lot more, ask that wise person; don't pester me, I'm tired."

And say what you like, that settled it. Uncle Knoitall knew no one could scold him and not knowing how to be afraid he just turned around and stumped off home leaving the Palace in a dreadful hubbub.

Who was the wisest person in all the kingdom? Everyone asked everyone else and everyone told everyone else in reply that "indeed they were not vain enough to answer that question—it was quite a matter for the Queen to settle."

And poor little Everglad—well she just didn't know which way to turn; the people were crowded around her all talking at



once and no one saying anything—that is, not anything worth listening to. Ido and Ikan stood close beside her, both very still and both very puzzled.

“Oh, dear!” sighed Everglad, sitting hard on her big golden throne and wearing her crown pulled down very far over her little pink ears; “oh, dear! I do wish I knew who really is the wisest person in all the kingdom. Two or three years of this talking would just about give me the headache.”

“Why, Your Majesty,” gasped Ikan and Ido, speaking right together; “you don’t really truly mean you don’t know who is the wisest person in all the kingdom? We thot you were only pretending not to know.”

“And do you know?” cried the

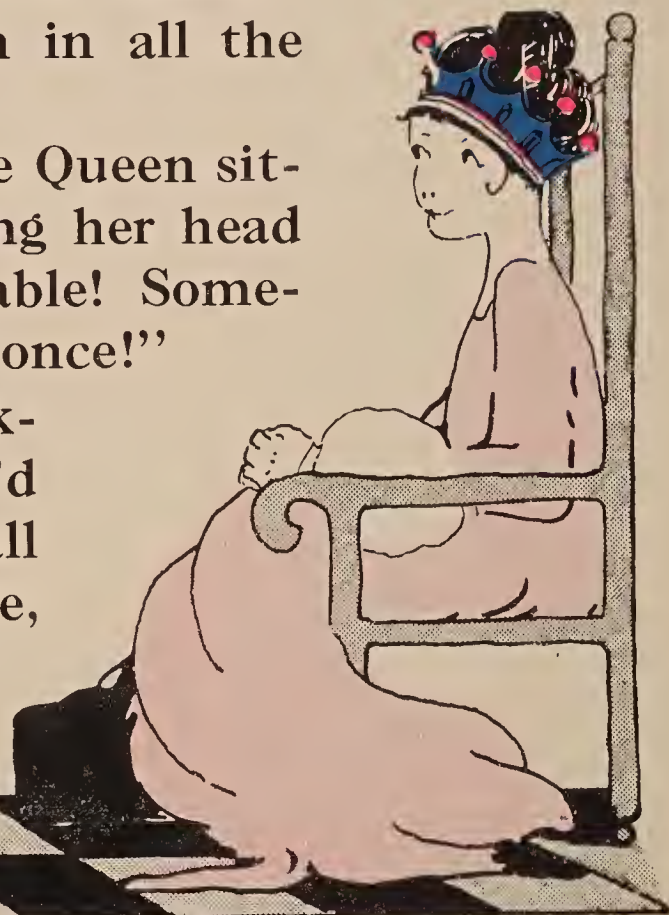


Queen, jumping up and stepping on the royal white kitten who ran yowling into the Palace kitchen to be comforted by the cook and a nice saucer of whipped cream. “Tell me this instant,” she commanded.

So Ikan and Ido leaned very close to her, one on each side, and in their excitement speaking very loud—so loud in fact that the Queen’s golden crown quite trembled from the noise—they said: “The wisest person in all the kingdom is ‘OUR MOTHER!’ ”

“Remarkable!” exclaimed the Queen sitting down suddenly and holding her head firmly in both hands; “remarkable! Somebody bring me their mother at once!”

Then, amid cries of “Remarkable!” “Wonderful!” “Who’d ever have thot it?” etc., from all the people, Dame Glady Smile, Ikan and Ido’s mother, was



pushed right up to the front of the crowd, wearing her kitchen apron and a smudge of flour on the end of her nose.

She was dreadfully surprised and quite upset, for she had never for one little minute even dreamed of anyone thinking she was the wisest person in all the kingdom.

“Land sakes!” she exclaimed, clutching wildly at her little white cap and pulling down her sleeves, “whatever is the matter? Oh, good morning, Your Royal Excitedness; whatever have those children of mine been up to?”

“Nothing wrong, Dame Smile,” the Queen kindly told her, “but we



want to ask you a question which no one else in all the kingdom can answer.”

“A question with only one answer!” laughed the jolly, little old lady; “well that would be a queer one, wouldn’t it; but I’ll do my best.”

“It is just this,” continued the Queen, while all the people listened attentively: “If (now, of course, just if), if you were very, very unhappy (which, of course, you’re not), but if you were very unhappy, how would you go about getting happy again?”

“Oh, oh, oh!” laughed the good lady. “Oh, oh, oh! that is a question! What I’d do, would be to go



to the door and open it wide and then I'd take in a big long breath of the sweet, clean outdoors air and I'd call right out loud: 'Oh! Ikan Smile'; then I'd wait a minute and I'd draw another big, long breath and I'd say right out loud: 'Now I do Smile!' and when those two little Smiles came running as they would have to when I called them, why I'd be perfectly happy right away—I'd have to."

"Astonishing," said the Queen while all the people just shouted themselves hoarse with admiration for Dame Smile's wise speech. "Astonishing but true," repeated the Queen. "Now, if only we knew how to get the children over the pit, everything would be quite settled."

"Perhaps we could jump over," suggested Ikan, but no one else thought they could and kept trying to get them to wait until a bridge could be built over the pits.

"No," said the children bravely, "that would take two hundred and sixteen years and some of the children might get too grownup to care

to play with us. We'll go today, even if we fall into Grumpy's pit and never get over into the Smiling Meadow."

So they told all the people good-by and kissed their mother and started. Then a queer thing happened. Mothers, you know, are pretty much alike all the world over and Dame Gladly Smile (altho she was very proud of her children and awfully glad to have them go) just couldn't help a few tears which stood in her kindly old eyes and ran down her plump cheeks, but she was as brave as brave could be, and fixing her eyes on the lovely Smiling Meadow, she smiled her very brightest and waved her hand to the children—then right at that minute her tears and smiles mixed and there, stretching from the top of Sunshine Mountain right across old Grumpy's deep pit and into Smiling Meadow, was the loveliest rainbow you ever could imagine and little Ikan and Ido Smile, holding tight to each other's hand, went down the rainbow safe into Earthland.

So now, little children, whenever Grumpy or Scowl or Frown come bothering about your house, just you run straight and throw open the door and call right out loud: "Oh, Ikan Smile," and then wait a minute, breathing in all the sweet, clean air and call again right out loud: "Now, Ido Smile," and then no matter where they are I know those two little smiles will come running.

And then if you just wish it hard enough and try very much to make it pleasant for them I'm sure they will stay with you always and help you keep Grumpy and the rest of the Grouch family miles away from you. Just you try it and see!



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